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will fulfill it, unworthy as I am to perform such a mission. But certainly the poor woman will take me for the ambassadress of a prince, or of a god."

"Not of a prince, no," replied Baillet, laughing, "but of a god, it may well be,—of the god Pan."

(From the London Musical World.)

PARIS.

Musical matters here go on in a very jog-trot manner at present, and were it not for the presence of the Emperor of Austria, who is a great amateur and patronizes all the lyric theatres in turn, my office, as far as operatic doings are concerned, would have, for the last week or so, resolved itself into a sinecure. His Majesty visited the Grand Opéra, the Théâtre-Lyrique, and the Italiens, the last-named theatre on purpose to hear Mdlle. Adelina Patti. The Archdukes, the Emperor's brothers, are also lovers of music, and have been exhibiting their Imperial persons in the State boxes of the different operatic theatres. Lately they commanded the *Burbiere* at the Italiens, but could not keep their appointment the same night for official reasons. They, however, went a few nights afterwards, and saw and heard Mdlle. Patti with the greatest delight. The departure of the Imperial party will be greatly missed in musical, not to say other, circles.

The only thing in the shape of novelty which has lately appeared is the *Bluets*, an opera in three acts, which was produced last week at the Théâtre-Lyrique with very moderate success. The libretto is the joint performance of MM. Cormon and Trianon, the music by M. Jules Cohen. I cannot praise either the poets' work or the musician's. The book, indeed, is beneath criticism; and herein M. Jules Cohen may be credited with some excuse, as no inspiration could flow from such spiritless, vapid stuff. Now and then the composer proclaims his artistic powers, and his real musical feeling; but the absence of pure, natural, spontaneous melody, of ideas in fact, is subversive of all attraction for the public. The redeeming point in the performance was the singing of Mdlle. Nilsson, which was finished and exquisite throughout, and which raised to enthusiasm the audience not always moved by the charms of a beautiful, fresh voice, invariably in tune. But the fair Swedish cantatrice has "school" too, and that the Parisians know all about, or think they do, and prefer accordingly. Mdlle. Nilsson may help the *Bluets* through a brief career, but it cannot live beyond the curiosity a new piece and the first appearance of a great singer in a new part naturally excite.

Marta has been produced at the Italiens with Miss Laura Harris as the Lady Henrietta, Mdlle. Grossi as Nancy, Signor Mongini as Lionel, and Signor Cresci as Plunkett. The young American *prima donna* got off extremely well, and was most liberally applauded, most strenuous and active among the applauders being Mdlle. Adelina Patti. Signor Mongini, who, if I am rightly informed, made no great effect in the part of Lionel at Her Majesty's Theatre, was in magnificent voice and created a furor in the air "*M'appari tutt' amor*," which was called for a second time by the whole house and repeated. Even the press—even the Fraschinian part of the press—was moved from the apathy and indifference it showed

on the first appearance of the golden-voiced tenor, and condescended not merely to allow that the organ was grand and superb, but that the singer had his instincts—but not, of course, to be compared, as regards style or voice, with Signor Fraschini, or Signor Naudin. Most excellent judges! most righteous judges! great leaders of public opinion! why are ye not wealthy (I don't mean *independent*) and superior to the enfranchisers of St. Albans? Mdlle. Grossi—a good favorite with the public of the Salle Ventadour, and not altogether undeservedly—was passable as the lively Nancy.

I have little more to add to this brief epistle. I had the pleasure of meeting your old contributor, Mr. Rippington Pipe, last evening. He had just come from London, and informed me of the great success of Mdlle. Kellogg at Her Majesty's Theatre. I am well pleased with this, as it agrees with my own impression of the young lady whom I heard in New York some three months ago, and with whom I was delighted and surprised. I like Mdlle. Kellogg's warmth of feeling, her ease and stage *abandon*, her real Italian pronunciation, and her pure and beautiful soprano voice. That she is destined to become an immense favorite with your London audiences I have not the shadow of a doubt, despite the perilous approximation of Mdlles. Tietjens, Ilma de Murska, and Nilsson—great Teuton, great Hungarian, and great Swede! The great American will—to make use of a horrid, but expressive vulgarism—"hold her own" in any company. Excuse the horrid vulgarism, which I promise never to employ again under any circumstances. Would that I had power to enforce your musical critics to forego that detestable and unmeaning word, "render," in their writings. In the phrase to "render" unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's, the word is legitimately applied; but to "render" a song or a sonata is simply nonsense. Some writers, indeed, go beyond "render" and "rendering," and have lugged in "rendition" by the ears. Shades of Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Robertson, Ferguson, and Dean Swift! what is about to befall your native tongue? I must confess I am sore on this point.

MONTAGUE SHORT.

Paris, Wednesday, November 6th.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

A paper appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* of October, on "International Copyright with the United States," which has drawn from the *Times* a leading article on the subject, calculated, I fear, to exasperate difference of opinion and obstruct the channel of amicable arrangement. It is surely unnecessary to open the discussion by calling on the Americans to acknowledge that they are guilty of theft and piracy. It is true they reprint our literature, and I at the present moment suffer in pocket to as great an amount as any other literary man, but the sore established in that spot does not set up a sympathetic irritation in my brain sufficient to derange my judgment. The Americans have not been guilty of either theft or piracy. We have no claim on their justice or even on their honesty. An international copyright is an appeal, not from England, but from that small community, English authors, to the American people to grant a right whereby we shall enjoy a much more valuable market in America than American authors can enjoy by exchange in England. Let us

strip the question of the disguise in which it has been exhibited.

Authors assume that they possess a natural right in their works; this is not so—their right is only statutory. Copyright is a property created by Act of Parliament, and endures, like patent right, for a limited period. The spirit of our English jurisprudence is to give the author or inventor the smallest amount of enjoyment in the fruits of his work that he will accept as encouragement to continue his brain labor. He is a farmer who, allowed to redeem and cultivate an allotment of the public intellectual estate, is, after a short lease, turned out of his holding that his improvements may relapse to the benefit of his landlord, the State. I presume no one contends that we are robbing the heirs of Dr. Johnson by the circulation of his Dictionary, or defrauding the representatives of Watt by our free use of the steam engine. If, then, in our own country, such property is only constituted by favor, enjoyed during a limited period on sufferance, and does not exist beyond or outside the conditions of the statute, we can scarcely expect the foreigner to regard it in a more sacred light than we ourselves do; that would be to assert a claim abroad which has never been acknowledged at home. For example, during my visit to the United States I wrote certain works, amongst which were *The Colleen Bawn* and *The Octoroon*. These dramas were never printed or published; the manuscripts never left my possession; they were, however, performed on the stage. After my return to my native country, I fulfilled the formalities of the statute to establish my copyrights. My property in those works, however, was successfully contested, and forthwith not only were these works printed and published by a London bookseller, but he advertises in the title-page an invitation to thieves in general to come and help themselves. So I am legally robbed, in my own country, by my own fellow-citizens. Again, the tone of indignant remonstrance which we have adopted towards the United States may provoke them to remind us of our own dealings with France. We have an international copyright treaty with that country, but we cunningly introduced into the instrument certain conditions by which we have been able to evade and render the document a dead letter. It is of public notoriety that for years past we have been robbing France persistently and undisguisedly. The defect in the treaty was pointed out by the French Government to Lord Palmerston when he was Foreign Minister; he acknowledged the error, regretted it, and left it there. Two years ago I brought this matter before the then Government, and urged the amendment of the convention. It was referred to the Lords of Trade, and I received a polite reply from Lord Clarendon, *via* Mr. Layard, to the effect that the grievance was very shocking; but their lordships "were of opinion that there were various reasons which render it inexpedient at present," etc. etc. Baffled by the Whig Ministry, we waited until the Conservatives arrived. "Come," thought I, "the Tories maintain themselves by Liberal measure, as the Liberals baffle opposition by Conservative concessions," and so I hopefully addressed Lord Derby's Administration. A reply was returned *per* Lord Stanley, *via* Mr. Egerton, on the same indefinite office-model previously afforded by Lord Clarendon. Hereupon we gathered into one movement

the authors and composers of France, the authors of England, the managers of theatres, publishers, in fact, almost every individual interested in the question, and launched petitions and memorials one after the other, backed by another vigorous demand from the French Government, accompanied by a threat in the French press that if England persisted in her barefaced robbery the treaty should be rescinded. At last we extorted a very reserved expression from the Lords of Trade that they would see about it. I take it to be a piece of unblushing effrontery that we should cry "Stop thief!" to America, when our hands are literally in the pockets of our neighbor France.

The *Times* puts very forcibly, and in the following words, the position of an American author offering his manuscript to an American publisher, who meets him with this reply:

"Why should I pay you for that which I can get for nothing? You are a person of whom the public has never heard a word, and it is at the best doubtful whether your book would sell a sufficient number to pay my expenses. On the other hand, here I have the choice of all the most renowned or popular authors of Europe, the public know them, and are sure to buy them, and I am only at the cost of printing. Get your book published in England, and let it be a success there, and I am pretty sure to publish it, but I cannot pay you anything even then. All the profit passes into my pocket."

Now, what happens to a young English dramatist who offers his play to a London manager? He will meet with this answer:—

"Why should I pay you for that which I can get in France for nothing? You are a person of whom the public have never heard a word; and it is at the best doubtful if your play will succeed and draw the expenses. On the other hand, here I have choice of all the plays produced in the theatres of Paris. The public have heard of them, will come to see them, and I am only at the cost of translation. Go to Paris! Get your play done there. If it be a success, I shall be sure to produce it, but I shan't pay you anything even then. All the profit passes to my pocket."

There is another view of the question which, if we overlook, the Americans will not fail to take into account: the readers in the United States are at least eight times more numerous than the readers in Great Britain; in making a free exchange of markets, the English author obtains in America eight times the benefit which the American author obtains in England.

Be assured the Americans are clear-minded enough to place this matter on its square basis, and being there are liberal enough to deal with it generously; but if we seek for the establishment of an International Copyright Convention, we, of all people, may not approach the question in a tone of indignant remonstrance; and to attempt to bully the United States into a recognition of a delinquency which they have never committed, appears to me as silly as it is unjustifiable.

DION BOUCICAULT.

BRUNSWICK.—The following was the programme at the first concert given by the Association for Classical Music:—Trio, Op. 66 (C minor,) Mendelssohn; Air from *Le Chaperon Rouge*, Boieldieu; Sonata, Op. 12, No. 2, Beethoven; Songs, Schubert and Schumann; and Pianoforte Solos, Field, Schumann, and Schubert. Mlle. Marstrand was the pianist; and Herr Stockhausen, the vocalist. At the concert given by the Ducal Orchestra in aid of the Fund for the Widows and Orphans of deceased Members, the programme included, among other pieces, Abert's Symphony of *Columbus*; R. Wagner's overture to *Rienzi*; Beethoven's C minor concerto (Herr Bendel); and Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody."

LIFE AND DEATH.

Before God's shrine she stands,
A veil thrown o'er her head;
The priest now joins their hands,
While holy words are said.
Bathed in mellow light,
A wreath around her brow.
Clad in robes of white—
A bride, behold her now!
Music is stealing round—
To chant of holy hymn;
Hark! how the solemn sound
Steals through the arches dim.
They sing "Blest may she be!
Her work of day by day
Be blest! O happy she!"—
"Tis thus for life we pray.

Laid on her narrow bed,
Clad in a garment white,
A cross above her head,
She's taking rest to-night.
Flowers are scatter'd round,
Her hands crossed o'er her breast;
No more shall earthly sound
Disturb that quiet rest.
Sweet music steals aloft—
The chant of holy hymn,
Those notes, so low and soft,
Steal through that chamber dim.
They sing: "The dead are blest!
Their work of day by day
Has ceased, and now they rest;"—
"Tis thus in death we pray.

Life to the joyous seems the best;
The weary only long for rest.

ORIGIN OF NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

CONCLUDED.

The old theatre of Pittsburg occupied the site of the present one, on Fifth street. It was an unpretending structure, rudely built of boards, and of moderate proportions, but sufficient, nevertheless, to satisfy the taste and secure the comfort of the few who dared to face consequences and lend patronage to an establishment under the ban of the Scotch-Irish Calvinists. Entering upon duty at the "Old Drury" of the "Birmingham of America," Rice prepared to take advantage of his opportunity. There was a negro in attendance at Griffith's Hotel, on Wood street, named Cuff—an exquisite specimen of his sort—who won a precarious subsistence by letting his open mouth as a mark for boys to pitch pennies into, at three paces, and by carrying the trunks of passengers from the steamboats to the hotels. Cuff was precisely the subject for Rice's purpose. Slight persuasion induced him to accompany the actor to the theatre, where he was led through the private entrance, and ensconced behind the scenes. After the play, Rice, having shaded his own countenance to the "contraband" hue, ordered Cuff to disrobe, and proceeded to invest himself in the cast-off apparel. When the arrangements were complete, the bell rang, and Rice, habited in an old coat forlornly dilapidated, with a pair of shoes composed equally of patches and places for patches on his feet, and wearing a coarse straw hat in a melancholy condition of rent and collapse over a dense black wig of matted moss, waddled into view. The extraordinary apparition produced an instant effect. The crash of peanuts ceased in the pit, and through the circle passed a murmur and bus-

tle of liveliest expectation. The orchestra opened with a short prelude, and to its accompaniment Rice began to sing, delivering the first line by way of introductory recitative:

"Oh, Jim Crow's come to town, as you all must know,
An' he wheel about, he turn about, he do jis so,
An' every time he wheel about he jump Jim Crow."

The effect was electric. Such a thunder of applause as followed was never heard before within the shell of that old theatre. With each succeeding couplet and refrain the uproar was renewed, until presently, when the performer, gathering courage from the favorable temper of his audience, ventured to improvise matter for his distiches from familiarly known local incidents, the demonstrations were deafening.

Now it happened that Cuff, who meanwhile was crouching in dishabille under concealment of a projecting flat behind the performer, by some means received intelligence, at this point, of the near approach of a steamer to the Monongahela wharf. Between himself and others of his color in the same line of business, and especially as regarded a certain formidable competitor called Ginger, there existed an active rivalry in the baggage-carrying business. For Cuff to allow Ginger the advantage of an undisputed descent upon the luggage of the approaching vessel would be not only to forfeit all "considerations" from the passengers, but, by proving him a laggard in his calling, to cast a damaging blemish upon his reputation. Liberally as he might lend himself to a friend, it could not be done at that sacrifice. After a minute or two of fidgety waiting for the song to end, Cuff's patience could endure no longer; and, cautiously hazarding a glimpse of his profile beyond the edge of the flat, he called, in a hurried whisper, "Massa Rice, Massa Rice, must have my clo'se! Massa Griff wants me—steambot's comin'!" The appeal was fruitless. Massa Rice did not hear it, for a happy hit at an unpopular city functionary had set the audience in a roar in which all other sounds were lost. Waiting some moments longer, the restless Cuff, thrusting his visage from under cover into full three-quarters view this time, again charged upon the singer in the same words, but with more emphatic voice: "Massa Rice, Massa Rice, must have my clo'se! Massa Griff wants me—steambot's comin'!"

A still more successful couplet brought a still more tempestuous response, and the invocation of the baggage-carrier was unheard and unheeded. Driven to desperation, and forgetful in the emergency of every sense of propriety, Cuff, in ludicrous undress as he was, started from his place, rushed upon the stage, and, laying his hand upon the performer's shoulder, called out excitedly, "Massa Rice, Massa Rice, gi' me niggas' hat—niggas' coat—niggas' shoes—gi' me niggas' t'ings! Massa Griff wants 'im—STEAMBOAT'S COMIN'!"

The incident was the touch, in the mirthful experience of that night, that passed endurance. Pit and circles were one scene of such convulsive merriment that it was impossible to proceed in the performance; and the extinguishment of the footlights, the fall of the curtain, and the throwing wide of the doors for exit, indicated that the entertainment was ended.

Such were the circumstances—authentic in every particular—under which the first work of the distinct art of Negro Minstrelsy was presented.—*Atlantic Monthly*.